The miſtreſſe of *Heccat*, and the might,
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whome we doe exiſt and ceaſe to be
Heere I diſclaime all my paternall care,
Propinquitie and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
Hould thee from this for euer, the barbarous *Scythyan*,
Or he that makes his generation
Meſſes to gorge his appetite
Shall bee as well neighbour'd, pittyed and relieued
As thou my ſometime daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege.
Lear. Peace *Kent*, come not between the Dragon & his wrath,
I lou'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurcery, hence and auoide my ſight?
So be my graue my peace as here I giue,
Her fathers heart from her, call *France*, who ſtirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwell*, and *Albany*,
With my two daughters dower digeſt this third,
Let pride, which ſhe cals plainnes, marrie her:
I doe inueſt you iointly in my powre,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maieſtie, our ſelfe by monthly courſe
With reſeruation of an hundred knights,
By you to be ſuſtayn'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turnes, onely we ſtill retaine
The name and all the addicions to a King,
The ſway, reuenue, execution of the reſt,
Beloued ſonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betwixt you.
Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
Loued as my Father, as my maiſter followed,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers.
Lear. The bow is bēt & drawen make from the ſhafts.
Kent. Let it fall rather,
Though the forke inuade the region of my heart,
Be *Kent* vnmannerly when *Lear* is man,

What

What wilt thou doe oul
Shall haue dread to ſpeak
To plainnes honours bo
Reuerſe thy doome, and
Checke this hideous raſ
My iudgement, thy yon
Nor are thoſe empty har
Reuerbs no hollownes.
Lear. *Kent* on thy life
Kent. My life I neuer
To wage againſt thy ene
Thy ſafty being the mo
Lear. Out of my ſight
Kent. See better *Lear*
The true blanke of thine
Lear. Now by *Appol*
Kent. Now by *Appoll*
Lear. Vaſſall, recrea
Kent. Doe, kill thy P
And the fee beſtow vpo
Reuoke thy doome, or v
From my throat, ile tell
Lear. Heare me, on th
Since thou haſt ſought to
Which we durſt neuer y
To come betweene our ſ
Which nor our nature no
Our potency made good
Foure dayes we doe allo
To ſhield thee from diſe
And on the fift to turne
Vpon our kingdome, if o
Thy baniſht truncke be f
The moment is thy death
This ſhall not be reuokt
Kent. Why fare thee
Friendſhip liues hence, a
The Gods to their prote